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# THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR



By

MARGARET FOX

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**BLACKBERRY BEAR LEAVES HOME.**

# The Adventures of Blackberry Bear

Written by MARGARET FOX  
and

Illustrated by ENOS B. COMSTOCK

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To  
**JAMES CARROLL DORAN**

**(RECAP)**

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# The Adventures of Blackberry Bear

## CHAPTER I.

### WHEN BLACKBERRY BEAR LEFT HOME.

Once upon a time a merry-hearted young black bear named Blackberry went out to seek his fortune. He was a little fellow and rather young to go traveling alone, but he had been well brought up. He was a playful young cub, full of fun and mischief. He delighted in teasing his mother and playing jokes on his father. He was fond of hide-and-seek, and running and leaping, and boxing, and wrestling; he would rather play games any day than get his lessons.

Even so, his father and mother had patiently taught him the things that were necessary for him to know, so that at an early age Blackberry Bear was able to take care of himself. His father and mother had taken him for long walks through the woods and introduced him to all their friends and neighbors. He knew where to find mushrooms and wild grapes,



## THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR

and how to gather nuts and acorns. He had learned to dig ants out of rotten logs and to slap frogs and fishes from the water. He could catch mice as easily and as quickly as Mrs. Nifty Wildcat, who was mouse-catcher for the whole community.

From his earliest days, Blackberry Bear had delighted in listening to his father tell stories about the land far away where he lived, when he was a young cub, before he set out to seek his fortune.

"It was your grandfather's land," Blackberry's father bear used to say, "and your grandfather was one of the finest black bears that ever lived. He was a handsome fellow and always well dressed. He was neat and particular; no one ever saw him wearing a ragged fur coat. Your grandfather was respected far and wide. He was a noble bear. He had the best cave in the country, too; it was big and clean and pleasant."

That was the way stories about Blackberry Bear's grandfather usually began: but they always ended with these words: "I fear we shall never again see

## **THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR**

a bear here, or there, or in the old home forest so noble as your Grandfather Black Bear."

Now it happened that Blackberry Black Bear loved adventure, and the more stories he heard about his grandfather's doings, the more he longed to start out for himself. That was why he begged his father and mother to let him go and seek his fortune in the old home forest, although he was rather young to go traveling alone. At last they gave their consent.

"You may go," said Blackberry's mother, "if you will promise me that you will never settle down anywhere to live always until you have found a cave as big and clean and pleasant as your grandfather's cave, and until you have found a full-grown bear to live in the cave who shall be as noble and true as your grandfather; in fact, he must be exactly like your grandfather; tall and strong and dressed in a fine fur coat; this shall be your great good fortune."

Blackberry Bear straightway promised his mother that when he reached the old home forest, he would

## THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR

search until he found a cave as big and clean and as pleasant as his grandfather's cave: and he promised her too that he would not settle down for life until he had found a full-grown bear to live in the cave who would be exactly like his grandfather bear; he must be tall and strong; he must wear a heavy, black fur coat, and he must be noble and true.

"When you have found such a bear," were the parting words of Blackberry's mother, "you may know that you have found your fortune."

"Go, my son," said his father, after he and the mother and Blackberry had sat for a long time on a log talking it over, "go and make your own way like a brave young bear. Be courageous. Tell the truth. Be kind and polite. Protect the weak. Stand by the right and fill your mind with good thoughts. Be noble. Lift your chin and step high, son bear, step high."

So Blackberry Bear said good-bye to his father and mother and fared forth with a stick over his shoulder and a bundle swinging from the end of it.

## **THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR**

Thinking to cheer his mother, Blackberry Bear began singing a little song of his own to an old tune. In these days "Dixie Land" is sung to this same music, but Blackberry's words were different:

**"Oh, here I go to seek my fortune,  
Merrily, merrily seek my fortune,  
Look away! Look away!  
Look away to the old home forest!**

**"Tell the truth, be kind and polite,  
Protect the weak and stand by the right!  
Look away! Look away!  
Look away to the old home forest!  
Step high! Step high!  
Step high and mind your manners!"**

When Blackberry reached the bend of the road he turned to wave his hand to his father and mother. They waved back and then Blackberry traveled on with drooping head, because he felt lonely. He was about to cry when he remembered

## **THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR**

what his father said about lifting his chin. Up went Blackberry Bear's chin, and up went his saucy nose, and then he laughed and sang once more as he journeyed,

**"Oh, here I go to seek my fortune,  
Merrily, merrily seek my fortune,  
Look away! Look away!  
Look away to the old home forest!**

**"Tell the truth, be kind and polite,  
Protect the weak and stand by the right!  
Look away! Look away!  
Look away to the old home forest!  
Step high! Step high!  
Step high and mind your manners!"**

## CHAPTER II.

### BLACKBERRY BEAR'S FIRST ADVENTURE.

Blackberry traveled toward the sunset because in that direction lay the old home forest where his grandfather bear used to live. Blackberry's father had advised him not to settle anywhere until he had reached the old home forest.

For seven days and seven nights all went well with young Blackberry: but when he reached the Land of the Grizzlies, his courage failed. He walked for an hour into their rugged country and then sat down to rest and think. Auntie Cinnamon's twins had told him that grizzlies are cross; especially Grandfather Grizzly; he didn't like to think about meeting Grandfather Grizzly.

As Blackberry sat wondering how he would ever have the courage to journey on, he heard two baby bears wailing and crying. Up jumped Blackberry

## THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR

bear, and seizing his stout stick, he fared forth to protect the weak as his father advised. He found a pair of baby bear twins on a mountain trail, clinging to each other.

"What is the trouble, children?" Blackberry inquired.

"Grandfather Grizzly is after us because we were eating his honey!" they howled. "Grandfather Grizzly is after us because we were eating his honey!"

"I shall take care of you!" promised Blackberry Bear, "so climb to the top of this tall pine tree! Up you go!" And up they went.

Blackberry lifted his big stick above his head and waited at the foot of the tree for the arrival of Grandfather Grizzly. He didn't have long to wait. Grandfather Grizzly soon came crashing through the underbrush roaring, "I'll teach you to take my honey! I'll teach you to take my honey!"

But when the huge Grizzly saw slim, young

## THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR

Blackberry Bear standing at the foot of a tall pine tree, with a big stick uplifted, he laughed and raised both hands.

“Do not strike, youngster,” he begged, “do not strike because you might hurt a mouse if there should be one near!”

Then he sat down and laughed and laughed and laughed until Blackberry lowered his stick because he knew that the big bear was making fun of him.

“What is your name, my brave young cub?” Grandfather Grizzly inquired when he stopped laughing long enough to wipe his eyes.

“My name, sir, is Blackberry Bear,” was the respectful answer. “They named me that because my mother said I reminded her of a blackberry when I was little.”

“What are you doing in my woods?” demanded Grandfather Grizzly in gruff tones.

“I am on my way to the old home forest to seek my fortune,” answered Blackberry. He did hope that Grandfather Grizzly wouldn’t see



## THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR

that he was so frightened his knees were shaking.

"I promised my father that I would protect the weak and that is why I am taking care of the baby bears up the tree."

Again Grandfather Grizzly was so amused he roared and roared with laughter. Then he explained that the baby bears knew better than to go to walk without their mother, and that he wished to teach them to keep out of his honey and to keep off his land. He said he only intended to give them a good scare.

"How does it happen, young Blackberry, that you are not afraid of me?" was Grandfather Grizzly's next question as he scrambled to his feet and shook his huge, shaggy coat.

Blackberry was trying to think what to say, when Grandfather Grizzly looked him square in the eye and remarked, "Are you afraid of me?"

Blackberry Bear decided to tell the truth as his father advised, even if he died the next minute; so he answered promptly, "Yes, sir, I am afraid of

## THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR

you! And I am truly afraid to cross your country alone: but I shall have to do it!"

Grandfather Grizzly laughed so hard at that, that seventeen more huge Grizzlies came crashing down the mountain to learn the cause of so much merriment, that they might laugh too. Grandfather Grizzly motioned them all away—back, back up the mountain.

"Fear not, brave Blackberry," said he, "I am the king here and no harm shall come to you in my domain. Command the cry-babies to come down and we shall see them safely on the path that leads them to their mother's house in their own land."

Blackberry did as he was told, and glad was he to see the cunning little runaways scampering along the homeward trail. Then Grandfather Grizzly built a camp fire and invited Blackberry to dine with him. After dinner he went with Blackberry to the western border of the Land of the Grizzlies, and they had a merry time together as they journeyed.

## THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR

**"Blackberry Black Bear, you are a courageous young cub," said Grandfather Grizzly, when the time came for parting, "and I hope you will always face danger as you did today. I am rather a savage old bear, but I am now your friend for life. You will never be afraid to meet me again, will you?"**

**"No, sir, and I thank you," answered Blackberry, and on he journeyed toward his evening camp, singing,**

**"Oh, here I go to seek my fortune,  
Merrily, merrily seek my fortune,  
Look away! Look away!  
Look away to the old home forest!**

**"Tell the truth, be kind and polite,  
Protect the weak and stand by the right!  
Look away! Look away!  
Look away to the old home forest!  
Step high! Step high!  
Step high and mind your manners!"**

## **CHAPTER III.**

### **HOW BLACKBERRY BEAR CROSSED THE DANGEROUS RIVER.**

One morning as Blackberry Bear was traveling with his back to the sunrise, he heard a distant roaring sound. As he journeyed on and on while the sun climbed higher and higher in the sky, the sound grew louder and louder, reminding Blackberry of thunder that never stopped for breath.

When the sun was directly overhead, Blackberry sat on a log and ate cheese and honey for his dinner. Then he hastened forward until he reached a wide, dangerous river, full of rapids. Down, down, down rushed the water over the falls, DOWN! DOWN! DOWN! with a roar so loud Blackberry could scarcely hear his own voice when he sang his traveling song.

“Now this is a great difficulty,” said Blackberry.

## THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR

to himself, as he stood gazing at the tumultuous river. "How shall I ever pass it?"

Blackberry was a good swimmer, but the churning of the water beneath the rapids caused him to shake his head in dismay. He remembered the many times his father and his mother had told him never to risk his life needlessly.

As Blackberry stood pondering, he saw a mother rabbit with five children come hopping, hopping, hopping down a narrow trail in the direction of a huge rock by the river. When they saw that rock they sat down before it and cried. Then up rose the mother rabbit and tried to push the rock away. The children tried to help, but the soft little family labored in vain. Blackberry laughed when the mother rabbit and her children sat down and cried harder than ever.

He laughed again when a family of otters came and tried to push the rock away. When they couldn't, they sat down and cried. Soon along came a beaver family. They tried to push the rock

## THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR

away. When they couldn't, they sat down and cried.

"It is really none of my business," said Blackberry to himself, "but as I promised my father to be noble, I better go over and try to find out what is the trouble!"

Over he went. By this time he was not laughing. He knew he couldn't move the huge rock, but he tried, hoping to comfort those who wept. He tried in vain. Then he asked the strangers how far he would have to travel up stream or down stream before he could find a safe place to swim across the river. No one answered, and all who heard wept harder. Then said Blackberry, "But I wish to cross the river!"

At that, the weeping became a wailing and Blackberry fled to the spot where he stood when he first beheld the falls.

Then down the trail came a huge brown bear with two children; they tried to push the rock away, but couldn't. Then they sat down and cried. Next,

## THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR

along came Mr. Thomas Wildcat and bumped right into the rock before he noticed that it was there. How he danced with rage when he tried in vain to push away the rock. At last he sat down and howled. Mrs. Wildcat had the same experience when she came leaping down the trail, and soon she was wailing beside Thomas Wildcat.

Before the sun went behind the forest trees members of all the wildwood families were crying beside the huge rock.

“This is strange,” remarked Blackberry Bear. “I cannot understand what is the trouble! I must think of a way to move the rock!”

Blackberry Bear shut his eyes and thought and thought and thought—until he knew what to do! Down he went with his stick over his shoulder and the bundle swinging from the end of it, while he sang joyfully,

“Oh, now I know how I can help them!  
Merrily, merrily how to help them!”

## **THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR**

**Push away! Push away!**

**Push away! All together!**

**“Oh, here’s the way to move the rock!**

**Merrily, merrily move the rock!**

**Push away! Push away!**

**We’ll all push away, together!**

**Step high! Step high!**

**Step high and mind your manners!”**

The strangers were so surprised they stopped crying when Blackberry stood before them, cap in hand, bowing and smiling.

“Let us all try together!” he shouted. “Follow me!”

They followed him. Then Blackberry shouted,

“One, two, three,—PUSH!”

They pushed. Over went the rock, bumpety crash! Then Blackberry knew why the travelers had wept. The rock had fallen over their entrance to a tunnel under the dangerous river.



## THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR

Talking and laughing, shouting and happy, the families crowded with Blackberry into the tunnel. They thanked him over and over for thinking of a way to help them out of their trouble.

"Do not thank me," answered Blackberry, as he hastened joyfully with them through the tunnel, "because I helped myself more than I did you! I am on my way to the old home forest to seek my fortune. I had wondered how I would ever cross the dangerous river!"

"It is a three days' journey before you would have found a crossing safe for swimmers," one of the beavers told him.

"We all live here, just the other side of the river, Mr. Blackberry Bear," observed Grandfather Reynard, "and we should like to have you come home to supper with us to share our roasted chickens?"

Straightway all the neighbors urged Blackberry to accompany them to supper and to stay all night. After thanking them, he went home

## **THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR**

**with mother Brown Bear because she was a relative.**

**You may be sure Blackberry enjoyed his supper in such merry company, and slept well that night, under the brown bears' roof-tree. The following morning though, his relatives told him that two strange bears had passed that way in the night and when he saw their tracks leading away toward the sunset, he was troubled. There was nothing to do, however, but to travel on and hope that if ever he met these bears they would be friendly.**

## CHAPTER IV.

### WHEN BLACKBERRY BEAR BEFRIENDED LITTLE DANNIE REDHEAD.

One afternoon as Blackberry Bear was journeying merrily along on his way to the old home forest, he heard a baby bird crying, "Daddy! Mammy! Dad! Mam!" And then he heard young crows teasing and calling!

"Pa! Ma! Pa! Ma! He wants his pa! He wants his ma!" they cried.

"Now what can be the trouble?" inquired Blackberry Bear as he hastened in the direction of the voices. Soon he found a queer looking nestling sprawling awkwardly on the ground, while three young crows danced around him, just for fun.

"Daddy! Mammy! Dad! Mam!" wailed the infant, stretching his wings and trying to fly.

"He fell out of his nest!" explained one of the young crows.

## THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR

“Serves him right!” added another, “because he was always sticking his head out of the front door after his mother told him not to!”

“He is nothing but a baby Redhead,” piped in the third young fellow, “and he never can be a crow, poor thing!”

“Daddy! Mammy! Dad! Mam!” wailed the nestling, in tones so pitiful Blackberry Bear put down his bundle and tenderly picked up the baby red-headed woodpecker.

“For shame” he said to the young crows. “This poor little thing is cold! He hasn’t enough feathers to keep a grasshopper warm! Where do your daddy and mammy live?” he asked the nestling.

“Daddy! Mammy! Dad! Mam!” was the only answer, as the nestling tried his best to get away from Blackberry Bear.

“Where does he live?” Blackberry then asked the crows.

“In the hollow oak-tree,” they replied, all three

## THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR

speaking at once. They were kind-hearted even though they did like to tease.

Just then four little voices piped in, "Here! Here! Here! Here! Dannie! Dannie! Dannie! Dannie!"

"Yip! Yip! Yip! Yip!" answered Dannie, stretching his neck toward the entrance to his house.

This made Blackberry laugh with the three crows. "His name must be Dannie Redhead," observed Blackberry, "and up I go to put him back in his nest!"

Up he went and put Dannie Redhead back in his nest, where he was eagerly welcomed by his brothers and sisters. Blackberry Bear then said good-bye to the crow children and went his way, never dreaming that he would ever again hear of Dannie Redhead.

By this time it was late afternoon. Blackberry made his camp under an overhanging rock and then picked berries for supper. It was growing

## **THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR**

**cold and before sunset a wild wind was blowing, the trees were tossing and the sea waves were pounding on the beach. When it grew dark, Blackberry cuddled down in his bed of pine boughs and felt ever so cosy and thankful to be sheltered from the storm.**

**CHAPTER V.**  
**WHEN BLACKBERRY BEAR STARTED**  
**FOR THE CIRCUS.**

There was a terrible storm that night, one of the worst of the season; there was thunder and lightning and rain and hail; but Blackberry Bear didn't know a thing about it because he slept so sound. In the morning he heard the gulls calling,

"The circus tents blew down last night! The circus tents blew down!"

"Where? Where? Where?" demanded a blue-jay, flying directly over the brook where Blackberry had gone to catch fish for his breakfast.

"Over yonder in the valley! valley! valley!" answered the gulls.

Blackberry had never heard of a circus, so he immediately decided to visit the creature's camp. He didn't know whether a circus had four legs or

## **THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR**

**“Oh, here I go to seek my fortune,  
Merrily, merrily seek my fortune,  
Look away! Look away!  
Look away to the old home forest!**

**“Tell the truth, be kind and polite,  
Protect the weak and stand by the right!  
Look away! Look away!  
Look away to the old home forest!  
Step high! Step high!  
Step high and mind your manners!”**



## **CHAPTER XI.**

### **BLACKBERRY'S ADVENTURE IN THE PLEASANT VALLEY.**

After Blackberry had crossed the mountains on his way to seek his fortune, he descended into a valley. It was called Pleasant Valley. There was a river flowing through it with tall willow trees on either side. There were groves of oak trees and maple trees in the valley, and green meadows where little folks lived; woodchucks, squirrels and rabbits.

It was a land of maple-syrup and honey and all things good to eat. The inhabitants of the valley were so friendly that Blackberry Bear made his camp near a bend in the river where he could fish by sunlight or moonlight, and there he lived happily for many a day instead of journeying straight forward in the direction of the old home

## THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR

forest as his father advised. Sometimes he traveled about from morning until night, exploring the valley and singing merrily.

“At last,” said Blackberry Bear to himself, “at last I have found a land where I should like to live always!”

He didn't forget the teachings of his father, but he thought it might be possible that his father had never heard of Pleasant Valley. One morning he met a little pig going to the fair. He and the little pig sat on a log and had a visit. Said Blackberry Bear:

“I think I shall build myself a strong house and live in Pleasant Valley always!”

Said the little pig with a shake of his head, “That will never do, because this is Daddy Black Bear's valley. He came here long ago when he fared forth to seek his fortune. He is away from home now but when he returns he will not allow you to stay here!”

“Oh, ho!” exclaimed Blackberry Bear. “I will

## THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR

fool him! You shall see! I shall build me a strong house and Daddy Black Bear shall never find it! I shall laugh when I see him pass!"

Answered the little pig as he traveled on to the fair, "I tell you, this is Daddy Black Bear's valley, and he is so wise you cannot fool him. He will destroy you and your strong house!"

That very day Blackberry began building his strong house near the bend of the river. He built it of rocks and stones and planted bushes and vines beside it. He trailed vines over the sides and top of the house so that a traveler passing along the river path would not know that a house was there.

Every day for a week Blackberry Bear worked until he made his house strong and perfect. It had one door and one tiny window. The door was on the side toward the river and was hidden from sight by a thick clump of willows. The window was a tiny opening in the wall opposite the door. Blackberry Bear could sit in the house beside the window and see every one who passed on the river path.

## THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR

At the same time, by leaving his door open a crack, he could see every one who passed up and down the river.

Blackberry was delighted with his house when it was finished because it didn't look like a house; it looked on the outside like nothing in the world but an old rock pile with vines trailing over it and bushes crowding around it.

The next thing Blackberry did took a long time. Beginning away back down the river path he made tracks leading straight past his strong house, a long, long way. He made the tracks end in the river. This proved that a young bear had gone for a walk in the valley and had then plunged into the river for a swim. Sure enough, Blackberry did go for a swim down the river until he reached the clump of willows opposite his strong house. Then up the rocky steps he went, leaving no tracks to show where he left the river: and there he was home again and laughing.

Every time after that when Blackberry Bear

## THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR

fared forth to explore the valley or in search of honey or berries, he slipped directly into the river and returned by the river path, always stepping in his own tracks until he left deep, deep footprints going straight past his strong house; the footprints always ended at the river away up-stream.

Blackberry Bear was so happy after that, that he sang gay songs from morning until night, until the day he again met the pig, and the little pig told him that Daddy Black Bear was home again in his valley.

"Oh, ho!" answered Blackberry Bear. "But I have made a way to fool him! Now you shall see that Daddy Black Bear is not wise enough to find my strong house, and I shall live here for always!"

"Do not be too sure," warned the little pig. "And I may as well say good-bye to you now, as I know I shall never see you again!"

"How so?" inquired Blackberry Bear. "Do you intend to move?"

"No," answered the little pig, "I shall not move,



**BLACKBERRY BEAR AND PIGGIE HAVE A CHAT.**



## THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR

but I am sure that you will, because Daddy Black Bear is home in his valley! Fare-thee-well!"

Blackberry Bear immediately went home, swimming fast. He entered his strong house and seated himself by the window. Soon he heard some one growling savagely. Straightway came a ponderous black bear walking along, slip-slop, slip-slop, slip-slop! The bear growled because he had found Blackberry's footprints. He looked neither to the right nor to the left, but followed Blackberry's tracks straight by the house, even as Blackberry had hoped.

"The little pig is right," said Blackberry Bear, ever so softly. "He will never see me again, because I shall immediately travel on toward the old home forest to seek my fortune. This is Daddy Black Bear's valley, sure enough. I shall not stay to talk it over with such an enormous bear as he is!"

Without wasting a minute's time, Blackberry gathered his possessions into a bundle, tied the bundle to the end of his stick and was about to fare



## THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR

forth, when he heard a loud splashing opposite the door. Then up the bank came the ponderous bear, calling, "Who is there? Ooommmm!"

Even as he spoke the unwelcome visitor pulled up the willows in front of the door and pushed them aside as if they had been weeds.

Blackberry determined to meet death bravely, so he answered, "It is I, and my name is Blackberry Black Bear."

Instead of answering, the great bear pretended not to hear, and knocked hard at the door, THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! Such a thumping it was, it thumped the entire side out of the house.

"Come in!" said Blackberry, not knowing what else to say.

"Come out!" roared the caller, and then, just to be funny, he leaned against the house and down it came, tumblety—crashety—bang!

"Excuse me!" observed Daddy Black Bear, for that was who he was, and he was laughing, "Excuse me! Your house seems frail! I hope you

## THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR

didn't get your head bumped! Shake hands, young cub!"

Blackberry Bear looked at the huge paw coming toward him, and although he expected to perish the next minute, he instantly offered to shake hands. Blackberry was determined to die like a brave young bear.

"Come to think of it," remarked Daddy Black Bear, "perhaps we had better not shake hands! It is so easy for me to make a mistake and squeeze too hard. I had heard of you before I followed you up the path and down the river. Your father and I had a little dispute once about who should possess this valley, and we settled it! Your father has never even visited here since. Ooommm!"

Blackberry said nothing, but he suddenly wished that he had wings.

"Pleasant weather for traveling," continued Daddy Black Bear. "I see you have a stick and a bundle, so I presume you are on a journey! Ooommm! Ooommmmm! Oommm!"

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"I am," was the instant reply. "I was just starting out! I am on my way to seek my fortune in the old home forest! I was just leaving this camp when you came calling! I have miles to go before sunset!"

"Do not let me hinder you," remarked Daddy Black Bear, most politely, "and as I like brave company, I shall go with you to the borders of my valley! Oommm! Ooommmm!"

That night, when Blackberry Bear made his camp miles beyond Pleasant Valley, he remembered something that seemed like part of a dream. He did see the little pig again, as he was walking fast with Daddy Black Bear, and he remembered that the little pig was laughing. Thinking it over, Blackberry Bear laughed too; he laughed long and merrily at the joke on himself. He laughed although twice that day he had seen tracks of two huge bears, and those tracks, as he remembered them, were not a joke.

## **CHAPTER XII.**

### **HOW BLACKBERRY BEAR FOUND HIMSELF IN PRISON.**

Blackberry Bear traveled all one day through a lonely glen. Dry leaves and twigs crackled beneath his feet at every step. It was a time of drought. No rain had fallen for so long the glen violets had bowed their heads and died. There were no golden buttercups left to hold dew for the fairies. The brook that once went singing through the glen had nearly lost its life, waiting for rain. Blackberry Bear walked on fast, hoping to find a more cheerful place in which to make his evening camp.

Late in the afternoon it suddenly grew dark. Then came the sound of distant thunder. Blackberry was surprised a minute later by a splash of rain on his nose. Then came big drops falling

## THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR

faster and faster upon dry leaves that were beginning to rustle in the wind. Blackberry looked up and saw huge clouds piling, piling, piling high above the tree tops. Lightning flashes came, making the glen bright as noonday one minute and dark the next.

"Certainly," observed Blackberry Bear, squinting one eye shut and looking around for shelter, "there is a storm coming!"

"Rumblety-rumblety! BUMP! BUMP! BUMP! BUMPETY-BUMP-BUMP!" answered the thunder.

At this, Blackberry Bear began singing his traveling song as loud as he could sing. He longed for a cave in which to hide, but he couldn't find one. Then he shouted joyfully, "I spy!" Blackberry Bear had found a big, hollow log lying flat on the ground.

Not wishing to go in if some one else was there, he knocked upon the log and called, "Is any one at home?"

There was no answer, so Blackberry Bear waited

## THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR

for the next flash of lightning and peeped in. He saw that he could get inside the log if he would crawl in feet first, arms straight by his sides; so in he went, glad to be out of the rain.

First, though, he laid his bundle under one side of the log. There was not much room in the log, and Blackberry had trouble in pushing himself down far enough into the hollow to keep his head out of the rain.

"This is a tight fit," said Blackberry Bear to himself, "there isn't room enough left for a canary!"

Blackberry was thinking of the time the little dog was lost in a storm when he was safe and dry in a tiny cave. He smiled as he remembered how he had squeezed back to make room for the little, wet, shivering dog.

"I am glad I shared that cave with him," Blackberry said aloud, "although I hope he will not come here for shelter!"

And then came the rain in torrents. The wind

## THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR

blew wildly and thunder roared through the glen. Blackberry Bear was tired after his long tramp, so, feeling thankful for a dry bed, he quickly fell asleep.

Blackberry didn't know how long he had been asleep when he was awakened by sharp pains in his head and a cramped feeling in his body. He then discovered that his head was sticking out of the log with rain beating hard upon it; that was the cause of the pain. The darkness was intense. He drew in his head and pushed himself down into the log far as he could go, and then wiggled and twisted until his body didn't feel quite so cramped. He might have crawled out of the log then, but he decided that it was a fine thing to be dry even if he was uncomfortable.

Blackberry soon fell asleep again, but he didn't sleep long. The pain in his head awakened him as it had before. This time though, Blackberry couldn't push himself down into the log far enough so that he could draw his head in out of the rain.

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"Out I get!" exclaimed Blackberry.

And then he discovered that he had put himself in prison; he couldn't get out. The dry old log had swollen in the rain, and the rain soaked wood was close to the body of Blackberry Bear! Blackberry pushed and kicked and struggled, but he could not move his body more than a few inches. There he stuck!

The poor fellow thought of the most unpleasant things until the dawn. It was a bad night. Blackberry called and called for help, but no help came.

"I shall be left here to die!" exclaimed Blackberry Bear. "I am hungry now and of course I shall soon starve!"

Then he remembered how often his father had told him stories of heroes who met death cheerfully. "If die I must," quoth Blackberry Bear, "let me die like a hero!" Then he began to sing cheerfully:

"Oh, I left home to seek my fortune,  
Merrily, merrily seek my fortune,



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Look away! Look away!

Look away to the old home forest!"

The song was not loud because Blackberry was faint and his voice was feeble: but the little trick dog heard it. He and the good dame were camping in the glen and the little dog had gone for a morning romp.

"Well, if here isn't Blackberry Bear!" exclaimed the little dog. "You came to a queer place to seek your fortune! I do not see how you ever got in!"

"I'd like to know how I shall ever get out?" wailed Blackberry Bear, and then he explained what had happened.

Away went the little dog for the good dame. When she arrived, she sent him for two wood-choppers who were working in the glen. The little dog ran by springs and somersaults and soon returned with the wood-choppers.

The good dame offered them a bag of coins. "My little dog earned this money doing tricks at

## THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR

the fair," she said, "and I offer it to you freely if you will rescue the young bear and do him no harm. He saved my little dog's life once in a storm, and this is my chance to repay him."

Immediately one of the wood-choppers whacked and whacked at the log with his ax until it fell apart. The other wood-chopper then helped Blackberry to his feet. Neither of the men would accept the money.

"You owe us nothing, madam," said one of the wood-choppers, lifting his hat.

"We are happy to have been of service," answered the other wood-chopper. "Deeds of mercy require no reward!" and he lifted his hat.

"I thank you, gentle sirs," answered Blackberry in a faint voice, as he saluted his rescuers.

"Now," said the good dame, as she sent her little dog after sticks for a camp fire, "now it is time for breakfast."

"I think so, too," agreed Blackberry Bear, who was extremely hungry.

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After breakfast, though, he sang his traveling song as merrily as if nothing had happened. The little dog did tricks and the birds returned to the glen when they heard the brook singing,—singing a song of falling rain-drops, of forest secrets, of gossip of the woodlands.

Blackberry Bear tried to thank the good dame for her kindness when he picked up his bundle and made ready to resume his journey.

“Please say no more,” she interrupted, “only never forget that you reap what you sow. You saved my little dog’s life, and naturally, my little dog was glad to help you when he found you in a tight place.”

Blackberry promised to remember; then away he went singing,

“Oh, here I go to seek my fortune,  
Merrily, merrily seek my fortune,  
Look away! Look away!  
Look away to the old home forest!

## **THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR**

**“Tell the truth, be kind and polite,  
Protect the weak and stand by the right!  
Look away! Look away!  
Look away to the old home forest!”**

## **CHAPTER XIII.**

### **WHEN BLACKBERRY BEAR WAS THANKFUL.**

It is a strange thing that Blackberry Bear had a thankfulness spell the very afternoon a big lion was advancing through the forest ready to fight with all who crossed his path. The lion had escaped from a Zoo where he had been well cared for and well fed. At dinner time when he lived in the Zoo, he roared when he was hungry and then along came his dinner. After he escaped from the Zoo the lion discovered that his dinner did not come when he roared for it, and it made him cross. Every day as he tramped through the forest he grew hungrier and uglier and hungrier and uglier until he was dangerous.

If Blackberry Bear had seen him coming he certainly would have climbed to the top of the highest tree in sight, to have kept out of the way, and this

## THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR

would have been sensible. When Blackberry did meet the lion though, he met him how-do-you-do, around the corner, without a moment's notice.

However, Blackberry Bear didn't know that there was a lion in the country when he sat by a crystal pool and remembered to be thankful. Then all at once a little song of his own came to him, to the tune of Yankee Doodle, only, of course, nobody in the world knew the Yankee Doodle words then, though the tune is so old. Blackberry had heard it somewhere. So he crooned softly:

“Oh, I am glad that I'm alive,  
Oh, surely I am thankful!  
For joys of day and my bed at night,  
Oh, surely I am thankful!

“Thankful, thankful, keep it up!  
Oh, sure enough I'm thankful!  
Thankful, thankful, keep it up!  
Oh, sure enough I'm thankful!

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**"I'm thankful for the trees above,  
For the grass below I'm thankful!  
I'm thankful for the world I love,  
Oh, surely I am thankful!**

**"Thankful, thankful, keep it up!  
Oh, sure enough I'm thankful!  
Thankful, thankful, keep it up!  
Oh, sure enough I'm thankful!**

**"I'm thankful for both hands and feet,  
I'm thankful for my teeth, too!  
I'm thankful for good things to eat!  
Oh, surely, I am thankful!**

**"Thankful, thankful, keep it up!  
Oh, sure enough I'm thankful!  
Thankful, thankful, keep it up!  
Oh, sure enough I'm thankful!"**

**By this time Blackberry Bear was dancing on  
the soft grass and blue violets by the pool, and  
when at last he took a dive, he made a big splash.**

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After Blackberry Bear had his swim and was feeling more thankful than ever, he thought of something different. So, while he hopped all around the pool on one foot, just to see if he could do it and not fall in, he sung another verse of his own:

“Oh, when you’re happy, do your best,  
That others may be thankful,  
So here I go to do kind deeds,  
That others may be thankful!

“Thankful, thankful, keep it up!  
Oh, sure enough we’re thankful!  
Thankful, thankful, keep it up!  
Oh, sure enough we’re thankful!”

From that moment until sunset Blackberry Bear pranced about doing the most amazing things. He walked up to perfect strangers to give them a lift with their burdens. And how surprised they acted when he did this! He gathered nuts for the



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chipmunks and squirrels; he helped an old muskrat gather roots of water plants for winter; he tried to catch grasshoppers for the skunks; he did everything he could think of for all the little animals, and they were thankful. But he had the most fun of all with the birds. As he worked for them Blackberry Bear kept singing new verses of his thankfulness song, and it was no time at all before all the birds in the greenwood were merry as he. His singing didn't sound a bit like music to them, and so they couldn't help laughing. At the same time they were grateful to Blackberry Bear for the way he helped them. He dug up long thread-like roots, and gathered dry grasses for the nest-builders; he made mud plastering for robins and swallows; he did everything he could think of to help the birds so they would be thankful.

Blackberry was so tired by bed time that he cuddled down thankfully into his wild-wood bed and fell asleep at once. He didn't hear the little grunts and squeals and chirps of thankfulness all

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through the forest that evening, because he was dreaming. Neither did he hear the far away roaring of the lion that had escaped from the Zoo, and who was coming nearer and nearer and nearer, ready to fight whoever might cross his path. He was such a big, strong lion he might have killed Blackberry Bear with one blow from his paw.

Blackberry Bear was awakened at dawn by gayest music. It was a new thankfulness chorus sung by the grateful birds. Blackberry had never heard such melody before. It filled the forest with anthems of joy and echoed through the glen. It seemed as if the words "Thankful! Thankful! Thankful!" were falling in showers from the sky in notes of wondrous music.

Blackberry stepped softly into the morning light and fared forth on his journey. He didn't know that just around the curve of the road the lion was coming in search of his breakfast. That was how it happened that he met that lion, how-do-you-do! without a moment's notice.

## THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR

Just then, the music of the birds was in marching time:

One, two!	One, two!
One, two!	One, two!
Thankful!	Thankful!
Thankful!	Thankful!

And the lion was marching, head up, eyes bright, keeping time to the music with his tail. The lion was charmed by the thankfulness chorus; it bewitched him. He was obliged to march head up, eyes bright, keeping time to the music with his tail.

“Good morning!” said Blackberry Bear, frightened but brave.

“Good morning,” answered the lion in civil tones; and on he went, marching, head up, eyes bright, keeping time to the music with his tail.

After he passed the lion Blackberry ran fast as he could run a long way, toward the old home forest. Then he sat down to rest.

## THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR

"Truly," he murmured, "I have reason to be thankful!"

Even then he little dreamed that when he had that thankfulness spell the day before he had saved his own life by seeking to give the greenwood families reason for rejoicing; he didn't know then or ever after that the grateful birds had charmed the lion, so that for a little while, the dangerous creature was obliged to march, head up, eyes bright, with his tail keeping time with the music! Neither did he know that two huge bears had been making tracks close behind him, all day.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### BLACKBERRY BEAR MEETS THE GEESE.

After Blackberry Bear thought how easily and politely he passed the lion, he decided that he was foolish to fear anything. That was why he straightway began dancing and prancing and crashing through the woods as if he owned them. Late in the afternoon he met fifteen little rabbit mothers hopping along, hopping along, fast as they could travel. At the time, Blackberry Bear was fairly roaring at the top of his voice:

“Oh, here I go to seek my fortune,  
Merrily, merrily seek my fortune,  
Look away! Look away!  
Look away to the old home forest!”

The mother rabbits stopped him. Said one:

## THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR

"You won't feel so merry when you see what is coming over yonder hill top!"

"What is coming?" Blackberry Bear inquired most politely.

"An endless procession of geese going to the fair!" answered Mother Bunny. "The Goose Girl is with them."

Blackberry Bear said, "I thank you," bowed and smiled, but he traveled on, singing to the rabbit mothers over his shoulder:

"Oh, here I go to seek my fortune,  
Merrily, merrily seek my fortune,  
For I'm not afraid  
Of geese and a goose girl!"

He was singing the same song when he met ten mother deer with their little children. They stopped him. Said one:

"The geese are even now coming over the top!  
You had better climb a tree!"

Blackberry Bear answered, "I thank you," but

## THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR

on he went, calling over his shoulder to the deer mothers, a song of his own:

“Oh, what do I care if the geese are coming!  
Geese are coming, geese are coming,  
Let them come! Let them come!  
Let them come and meet a bear!”

Came seven mother porcupines, with seven pairs of twins, walking fast as the little ones could travel. They stopped Blackberry Bear while a mother porcupine spoke a word of warning.

“You will care when you meet the geese,” said she, “and you with never a quill to save yourself with!”

“I thank you,” answered Blackberry Bear, “but I am not afraid,” and on he went, singing:

“Oh, I’ll not ask any goosey-gander,  
To tell me where that I may wander,  
Look away! Look away!  
For who is afraid of geese!”

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"You will be afraid of geese when you see them," shouted a mother woodchuck, as she brushed past Blackberry Bear in great haste.

Soon Blackberry Bear stood still to laugh at the dozens and dozens of wildwood mothers who now met him and hastened on to begin climbing the encircling hills.

Before he ventured into the opening, Blackberry Bear turned around and saw that all the mothers he had passed were watching from the hillsides behind; he knew they were waiting to see him meet the geese and the Goose Girl. Blackberry Bear straightway felt merrier than ever, and as he was not afraid of geese, he lifted his cap and bowed all around the circle as he changed his tune and began joyfully:

"Good night, ladies!

Good night, ladies!

Good night, ladies!

I'm going to leave you now!



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**"Merrily I travel on, travel on, travel on!  
Merrily I travel on!  
To meet a flock of geese!"**

Merrily he traveled on until he stepped into the opening under the hill and saw that flock of geese. The Goose Girl was feeding them corn.

"I didn't know there were so many geese," Blackberry whispered to his paw, "and I didn't know they had such long necks! I had better not sing any more. I had better travel on softly without attracting any attention."

He did travel softly, but the geese saw him and every goose stretched a long neck straight toward him, and stretched it and stretched it and stretched it, until Blackberry Bear, trying to be funny, said to the Goose Girl:

**"Are goose-necks made of rubber?"**

Straightway all those goose-necks began to wiggle and twist about, this way and that way, and every goose looked straight at Blackberry Bear as





**BLACKBERRY BEAR SCRAMBLED UP THE TREE  
AS FAST AS HE COULD.**

## THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR

if perhaps wondering if he might be good to eat. When the geese began to walk toward Blackberry Bear, a step at a time, a step at a time, he began to walk backward, slowly. He felt scared. When the geese began to walk faster and to wave their necks harder, and when they began to say:

**"Hiss! Hiss! Hiss! HISS! HISS! HISSSSSS!"**  
Blackberry Bear walked backward faster. By that time he was badly scared.

When the geese began running toward Blackberry Bear and began calling, calling, calling:

**"Honk! Honk! Honk! Honk! Honk! Honk!"**  
Blackberry Bear fled. It seemed to him then that every goose tried to honk honk louder than every other goose as they pit-patted after him. Blackberry Bear went up a tree fast as he could scramble, but even so, the geese nipped his toes.

Blackberry didn't stop for breath until he reached the tippety-top of the tree. Then he looked down on the geese and he was glad to see that they couldn't fly because their wings were clipped.

## THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR

Blackberry Bear didn't realize that there was anything to laugh about, until he saw that the Goose Girl was holding her sides and laughing. He glanced away toward the hills and there he beheld the wildwood mothers holding their sides and laughing.

The geese were not laughing. They were crowding closer and closer to the tree and hissing, and honking and honking and hissing, in a most unmusical manner.

Slowly a smile spread over Blackberry's face when he remembered that his mother once told him that it is never wise to brag. Straightway he lifted his cap, bowed and smiled all around the circle and began to sing:

“Good night, ladies!  
Good night, ladies!  
Good night, ladies!  
I cannot leave you now!

## THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR

**"Merrily I climbed a tree, climbed a tree!**

**climbed a tree!**

**Merrily I climbed a tree!**

**And now, just look at me!"**

The geese stopped honking to listen, and then they laughed; but they didn't stop stretching their necks up toward the tippety-top of the tree. Blackberry was beginning to think he would have to stay all night in the tree when the Goose Girl said it was time to start for the fair. Then, as the geese formed in procession, they honked a song for Blackberry Bear; the Goose Girl told them to!

**"Good night! Black Bear!**

**Good night! Black Bear!**

**Good night! Black Bear!**

**We're obliged to leave you now!**

**"Merrily we waddle on, waddle on,**

**waddle on,**

**Merrily we waddle on!**

**Traveling to the fair!**

## **THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR**

**"Good night! Black Bear!**

**Good night! Black Bear!**

**Good night! Black Bear!**

**We gave you one good scare!"**

**When the geese were gone, Blackberry Bear waved his arms in farewell to the laughing friends on the hillside before he dropped lightly to the ground; but when a saucy jay called to him:**

**"Oh, hey-hey-hey!**

**What a jolly, jolly day!**

**Oh, what's the use!**

**To run from a goose!**

**I hate to nag!**

**But it's never safe to brag!**

**Oh, hey-hey-hey!**

**What a jolly, jolly day!"**

**Blackberry Bear forgot his manners and called:**

**"Mind your business!"**

## **THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR**

**Then he walked on, feeling all out of sorts. He felt crosser than ever when he thought he heard two big bears laughing in a wayside cave. But Blackberry's cross feeling did not last long for as soon he was beyond hearing their laughter, he felt tired and lay down to sleep.**



## CHAPTER XV.

### WHEN BLACKBERRY BEAR WAS LOST.

For a few days nothing unusual happened as Blackberry Bear jogged along toward the sunset. Then one morning he discovered that he was lost. It happened this way: his evening camp was under a mulberry tree; a round mulberry tree with drooping branches. Sleeping there had been like sleeping in a green lined room where you couldn't tell the front door from the back door, nor one side door from another side door. It was all a cool, soft greenness.

When Blackberry went to sleep, he was looking straight in the direction of the sunset. During the night he rolled over and twisted about until in the morning he felt that he was sadly turned around. Thus he was lost. When Blackberry Bear first dis-

## THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR

covered that he was lost, he wasn't much worried. Said he:

"Let me but see the sun; then shall I find myself and journey on toward the old home forest."

While he made his toilet, he danced around and around under the mulberry tree, parting the branches in the green circle, in search of the sun. It was a gray, gray morning and there was no sun to be seen.

"This is a great difficulty," observed Blackberry Bear as he hastily finished dressing and stepped outside his camp, eager to find the trail: but he couldn't tell east from west, nor north from south. All around him stretched the wooded plain and above him the wide gray sky.

Around and around the mulberry tree walked Blackberry Bear, looking for his own footprints—but not a footprint could he find.

"What shall I do?" thought Blackberry Bear.

Then he laughed. As he remembered an old song, he suddenly realized what he was doing. So,

## THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR

lifting his stick over his shoulder with the bundle swinging from the end of it, he began singing merrily, as he danced around the mulberry tree with a hop and a skip:

"Here I go round the mulberry bush!  
The mulberry bush! The mulberry bush!  
Here I go round the mulberry bush!  
So early in the morning!"

"This is fun," remarked Blackberry Bear when he sat down to rest, "but it is plain that I am not getting anywhere!"

After that Blackberry Bear ate his breakfast and although he didn't know in which direction to go, he traveled on hopefully. All day he traveled hopefully, with no sun to guide his footsteps. Then at bed time, when Blackberry sought shelter for the night, he discovered his mulberry tree camp just as he left it in the morning. He had traveled all that day in a circle.

"There is no place like home," observed Black-

## THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR

berry Bear as he walked beneath the mulberry tree with a hop and a skip and a song:

“Here I sleep under the mulberry bush!  
The mulberry bush! the mulberry bush!  
Here I sleep under the mulberry bush!  
Till the sun shines in the morning!”

But there was no sunshine in the morning and the old owls would have it that the sun had fallen from the sky; so they hooted all that day because they thought it was night.

Blackberry Bear decided to live under the mulberry tree and wait there for the sunshine. One day, two days, three days, many days, passed, and there was no sunshine on the plains.

Meantime Blackberry Bear amused himself. He tried to learn the whippoorwills' song and made all the neighborhood frogs laugh, trying to leap as they did; he searched in vain for fairies under toadstools. He practiced hopping like the rabbits and wrinkled his nose and wrinkled his nose as they did

## **THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR**

until he had all the baby bunnies laughing at him. Blackberry Bear had a most interesting time every minute that he was lost, and although he hoped every morning to see the sunshine when he awoke, he didn't lose courage when one gray morning followed another and it began to seem as if the sun had fallen from the sky.

At last something different happened.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### HOW BLACKBERRY BEAR FOUND THE TRAIL.

One of the gray mornings as Blackberry Bear was about to push aside the drooping branches of his mulberry bush and step into the open, he saw the bushes across the clearing begin to bend and wave and sway, and then he saw seven big woodland caribou mothers appear, with more than seven children. Next minute, Blackberry Bear understood that he was in a caribou schoolroom, only of course, the caribou families didn't know that he was there.

The mothers pushed the children into the middle of the clearing and told them to get acquainted. Blackberry knew immediately that these were caribou mothers, and not deer, because they all wore antlers; it isn't considered good form in the deer families for mothers to wear horns. The caribou

## THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKBERRY BEAR

mothers were dressed in brown because it isn't their custom to wear white furs until the coming of winter.

It is down in the books that the caribou belong to the reindeer family and thousands of years ago they used to live in the Arctic regions where there were no trees. That is why they cannot jump naturally, nor leap like the deer, and have to be taught when they are little to jump over fallen logs.

Blackberry Bear's mother told him about the caribou when she was teaching him his lessons in the long ago; that was why he watched carefully when the caribou mothers pushed their little ones into the middle of the clearing and told them to get acquainted. Some of the babies were so shy they clung to their mothers. This was not surprising, because not one of those babies had ever seen any one but his mother until that day. They had grown up in solitude. Even so, a few of the caribou children were such bold little fellows they began bunting at one another right away and were

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so funny about it Blackberry Bear almost laughed aloud.

Then one of the mothers explained to the children that the time had come for them to learn to jump over logs. Not one of the babies liked that idea, because they always went around logs or under them if left to themselves. The mother caribou told the children that no danger was near and she hoped they would all be good and play the game of follow the leader. Then she ran in a wide circle around the mulberry tree and the other mothers followed her.

"Come, children, come," they called, "come play follow the leader."

Soon all the caribou children were following along in a line behind their mother around and around the mulberry tree in a wide, wide circle.

Then out danced Blackberry Bear, and he, too, began hopping and skipping around the mulberry tree in a small circle of his own. This made the



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caribou mothers and the children laugh. At that Blackberry Bear began to sing merrily:

“Here we go round the mulberry bush!  
The mulberry bush! The mulberry bush!  
Here we go round the mulberry bush!  
So early in the morning.”

It wasn't long before the mothers and the children began to sing with him, and then there was fun in the wildwood, even if the circle didn't make music. Suddenly the leader broke away from the children, skipped into the edge of the woods, and JUMP! she went, over a fallen log. JUMP! went all the mothers, jumping, jumping, jumping, over the log.

But down went the head of the first little baby and he wouldn't jump. Down went the head of the second little baby and he wouldn't jump: but bump went his head against the first little baby's hind legs and that knocked him down. Then bump went the third child's head against the second child's legs,

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and knocked him down. Soon all the caribou children were in such a mix-up that they all began to cry "Ma! Ma! Ma! Ba! Ba!" Then around the log they traveled to cuddle close beside their mothers. They would not jump over the log.

Blackberry laughed. Then the mothers began running around the circle again and to help the babies forget their troubles and join in the game, Blackberry Bear began singing:

"Here we go round the mulberry bush!  
The mulberry bush! The mulberry bush!  
Here we go round the mulberry bush!  
On a cold and frosty morning!"

That time, when the leader started toward the edge of the woods, Blackberry called:

"Do you care if I play the game and take a jump?"

"We shall be glad to have you play!" the leader answered. "Come along! The more the merrier!"

So Blackberry Bear went skipping and hopping

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behind the caribou mothers, but a little behind them so that he led the children's procession. Soon the children were singing with him:

**"This is the way we go hopping and skipping!  
Hopping and skipping! Hopping and skipping!  
This is the way we go hopping and skipping!  
On a cold and frosty morning!"**

**JUMP!** went the mothers, jumping, jumping, jumping over the log. **JUMP!** went Blackberry Bear over the log, singing:

**"This is the way we jump over the log!  
Over the log! Over the log!  
This is the way we jump over the log!  
On a cold and frosty morning!"**

The children were singing with him, and **JUMP!** they went over the log behind him, jumping, jumping, jumping, all but the last little one. He wouldn't jump. His mother went behind him and bunted at

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him from behind, until he, too, jumped over the log while Blackberry and the other children sang for him:

“Here he comes bumping over the log!  
Over the log! Over the log!  
Here he comes bumping over the log!  
On a cold and frosty morning!”

Soon the mother caribou sat down and watched Blackberry and the children play the game alone. It was a great frolic.

At last Blackberry Bear showed the children his little green room and told them that he didn't know which was the front door nor the back door, nor the one side door nor the other side door, nor north nor south, nor east nor west, and they all made a joke of it.

Then one of the caribou mothers called Blackberry aside. She said that the mothers had been talking it over and had decided to invite him to travel with them over the wooded plains and play

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follow the leader with the children until they had learned the lesson of log jumping.

"It is not only necessary for them to learn to jump over logs and tangles," explained one of the mothers, "but they must learn to follow the leader without asking a question, because when they are older and we all go journeying across the waste places our leaders are always the wisest of our herds and never make mistakes. Will you help us? We shall not be more than two weeks in crossing this plain."

"We'll jump the logs if you'll go with us," promised one of the children, all of whom were crowding around him.

"You don't know where to go, till the sun comes out, anyway," piped up another little voice, "because you don't know east from west and you told us so!"

Blackberry Bear sighed a deep sigh. He didn't wish to be a caribou nursery-maid, and then perhaps find himself traveling the wrong way with his

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face toward the sunrise instead of toward the sunset.

Just then a baby caribou said sweetly, "If we say, 'please,' he will; so, will you go with us, dear Mr. Blackberry, if you please?"

This was Blackberry's laughing answer:

"Oh, here I lead the baby log-jumpers!  
Baby log-jumpers! Baby log-jumpers!  
Oh, here I lead the baby log-jumpers!  
Over the wooded plains!"

And for days and days and days Blackberry Bear traveled with the caribou babies, played with them, cared for them and sang them little new songs of his own. At the end of two weeks a mother caribou said, at evening-time:

"We are now nearly over the wooded plains and soon we must part. We have marked the way we came by bending over branches of hazel brush, so you will have no trouble in finding your way back to the mulberry tree."

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"But I do not wish to return to the mulberry tree," explained Blackberry. "I was lost there! I was only waiting for the sun to shine so I would know the way toward the sunset, for I am on my way to the old home forest!"

Just then out came the sun from behind a bank of clouds straight ahead of Blackberry Bear. He had been guided toward the sunset all the while he was teaching the caribou babies to jump logs and follow the leader. He was two weeks nearer the end of his journey. By this time Jack Frost had visited the forest and maple leaves were gold and crimson and the caribou mothers were glad they had not taken their kind helper out of his way.

That night when the caribou families were journeying toward the north, the children suddenly began to cry because they heard Blackberry Bear singing in the distance:

"Oh, here I go to seek my fortune,  
Merrily, merrily seek my fortune,

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Look away, look away!

Look away to the old home forest!

“Tell the truth, be kind and polite,

Protect the weak and stand by the right!

Look away! Look away!

Look away to the old home forest!

Step high! Step high!

Step high and mind your manners!”

When Blackberry stopped singing a minute he heard the babies crying. Then he ran because he was afraid the caribou mothers might come after him; he knew they could beat him running a race any day. Blackberry ran for miles before he dared sit down to rest.

A little later, while he was gathering sticks for his camp fire he sang again at the top of his voice:

“Tell the truth, be kind and polite,

Protect the weak and stand by the right!

Step high! Step high!

Step high and mind your manners!”



## **CHAPTER XVII.**

### **BLACKBERRY BEAR AND THE LITTLE OLD MAN.**

Blackberry Bear awoke one morning to find the ground covered with snow. It was early in the season for snow. Blackberry Bear was surprised and somewhat dismayed. He was told that he was still far from the old home forest and he had hoped for many more weeks of good weather for traveling. The snow was only an inch deep, and for Blackberry Bear, who knew how to read the signs, it turned the ground before him into something like a morning newspaper with big headlines which said:

**WINTER IS COMING.**

**NOW IS THE TIME FOR ALL BEARS TO  
CHOOSE THEIR DENS.**

Certain tracks that passed Blackberry Bear's camp said plainly,

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**A FEW PORCUPINES ARE STILL TRAVELING AND HAVE NOT YET SETTLED IN THEIR CAVERNS OR UNDER LOGS FOR THE WINTER.**

**RABBITS WERE HOPPING OVER THE SNOW AT AN EARLY HOUR THIS MORNING.**

**MEADOW MICE HAVE THEIR RUNWAYS READY FOR WINTER JOURNEYS UNDER THE SNOW.**

***TWO BIG BLACK BEARS PASSED THIS WAY IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE SNOW FLURRY.***

**When Blackberry Bear read all this news he ate his breakfast in a hurry and then hastened on his journey with his stick over his shoulder and the bundle swinging from the end of it. One mile, two miles he followed the bear tracks, and then bright sunshine melted the snow and he could no longer tell which way the bears had gone. He felt**

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lonely enough to cry. The sight of those bear tracks made him so homesick he almost wished he had not started out to seek his fortune. This reminded him of his father and mother.

"What is the use, anyway," said Blackberry Bear in cross tones. "There is a hard journey ahead of me yet before I can reach the old home forest, and when I get there maybe all the good dens will be taken!"

Immediately Blackberry Bear was ashamed of himself, because it is a sin to stay discouraged. He lifted his chin and was about to travel on stepping high, when across the valley he saw a little old man trying to climb a steep, rocky mountain. The little old man couldn't climb at all because he didn't have a good stick. Every stick he cut, broke in two the minute he leaned his weight upon it.

Now Blackberry Bear thought the man was foolish to try to climb such a rocky, steep mountain. He thought, too, that he ought not to waste a minute in trying to help a stranger, because winter was

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coming and he believed that he was far from the old home forest.

“Maybe it is none of my business what becomes of a little old man,” said Blackberry Bear, “but he is weak and he needs protecting, so here I go!”

As Blackberry Bear crossed the valley he sang at the top of his voice,

“Tell the truth, be kind and polite,  
Protect the weak and stand by the right!  
Look away! Look away!  
Look away to the old home forest!”

At the foot of the mountain Blackberry Bear tried to cut a stout staff for the little old man, but every staff he chose broke in two when he put the least weight upon it. The only stick that Blackberry Bear could lean upon without breaking it on that mountain side was his own treasured stick that he had brought from home. He didn't want to part with that stick; but when he saw the little old man trying to toil upward and slipping back, slipping

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back after every step, he scrambled up the steep incline until he had overtaken the stranger.

"Try my stick!" said Blackberry Bear.

"I thank you kindly," answered the little old man, in tones sweet as silver bells, "but I fear I shall break it. Only a stick from a tree that grew in the old home forest will bear me over the magic mountain. I lost mine in a rapid river. I fear me I shall have to turn back and go the long way home, and then perchance I shall be caught by a storm and never reach the old home forest, for the season groweth late."

"I, too, am bound for the old home forest," answered Blackberry Bear, "try my stick."

The little old man leaned upon Blackberry's stick and it didn't break. "Ah!" said he, "the tree from which this stick is taken, grew in the old home forest."

"Perhaps it did," answered Blackberry Bear. "My father gave it to me when he bade me return to the old home forest to seek my fortune."

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"You did well to offer me the stick," answered the little old man, and his voice was sweet music, "because I am the only one who could guide you over the magic mountain to the old home forest. Come with me!"

Up and up and up went the little old man, so fast that Blackberry Bear had all he could do to scramble after.

"Now here we are!" exclaimed the guide, as he stood upright at last on the ridge of the rocky steep.

Thus suddenly Blackberry Bear beheld the old home forest. Below him the side of the mountain stretched away in a long grassy slope, soft as green velvet. The trees of the forest were evergreen, gold and crimson. He saw streams of sparkling water like silver ribbons in the distance, and lakes crystal clear, bordered by bright autumn flowers; he heard birds singing and felt soft breezes that wandered up the mountain side and then floated back to set the trees in motion.

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“Welcome home!” said the old man, as he handed back Blackberry Bear’s stick, “and when I say welcome home, I mean that I wish you to share our evening meal in my humble cot down yonder where my good wife awaits my return. I am the head wood-cutter of the forest and you remind me of the noblest bear that ever lived in our domain. Neither you nor I could ever have reached the old home forest before the winter had we traveled the long way instead of over the magic mountain. Again I bid you welcome.”

As Blackberry Bear bounded over the velvety slope beside the little old man, with his stick over his shoulder and the bundle swinging from the end of it, he sung over and over, ever so softly:

“Look away! Look away!

Look away to the old home forest!”

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### GRANDFATHER BLACK BEAR'S CAVE.

Next morning Blackberry Bear began looking for his winter cave. He searched all day, but asked no question of those he met, although every one was friendly. Toward evening he discovered a wonderful cave; but strong brambles and tall twisted trees guarded the entrance so that he could do no more than peep inside.

The little man who was the head wood-cutter of the old home forest came along when Blackberry was trying to tear away the brambles.

"What do you think you are doing?" asked the wood-cutter, and Blackberry was surprised to see how straight the man stood and that he was no longer frail and feeble since he had slept one night in the old home forest.

"I like the looks of this old cave," answered



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Blackberry Bear, "and I have decided to clear away the entrance and live here. The view is fine from this hill. This shall be my home."

"You speak with great confidence," answered the little man, "but you will only waste your time. You will never be able to clear away the twisted trees and brambles. Many a young bear before you has tried in vain to gain entrance to the old cave. It cannot be done!"

"I am strong!" answered Blackberry Bear. "I shall not give up until I have made this cave my home! I can see that it is big and pleasant."

"Oh, it was once the finest cave in this vast old forest," answered the wood-cutter. "No one has lived in it since it was the home of the noblest black bear ever seen in this region. You look enough like that bear to be his grandson. You step high, just as he did, and you have his courteous manners. Come now to supper."

Once more Blackberry Bear gladly shared the wood-cutter's cabin until the morning. That day,

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when he fared forth to clear away the entrance to the cave, the wood-cutter's wife said to him:

"I shall tell you a secret. Every young bear who ever tried to make his home in the old cave, gave it up. Do not give up!"

"I thank you," answered Blackberry Bear, "I shall not give up!"

And he didn't! Whack, whack, whack, he worked at the twisted trees, and whack, whack, whack, he worked at the brambles. All day he worked. When night came he slept in a shelter that he made from the trees and brambles that he had cut away and dragged down the hill.

Next day, whack, whack, whack, he worked at the trees; and whack, whack, whack, he worked at the brambles. That night he slept beneath a huge shelter of trees and brambles and branches and vines, and that night he smiled in his sleep because he dreamed of his noble grandfather.

Next day, whack, whack, whack he worked at the trees; and whack, whack, whack he worked at

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the brambles. Every day for many a day, Blackberry Bear worked whack, whack, whack steadily at the trees, and whack, whack, whack steadily at the brambles; and that was all there was to it.

In time he did clear away the entrance to the cave, walked in and made himself at home. Across one corner of the cave Blackberry Bear discovered a stream of running water, crystal clear, and by that sign, he knew he had taken possession of his grandfather's cave.

"Now," said Blackberry Bear, "I shall clean this cave and bring in fresh furniture and stores of food. Then I shall search for a fine black bear like my grandfather and ask him to take care of the cave for me while I go back next summer for my father and mother; they must return to live in the old home forest."

Accordingly, Blackberry scrubbed the cave, made new beds of balsam fir and brought stores of nuts and honey and berries, thinking that if he or the strange bear awoke in the winter and felt

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hungry, they would have plenty to eat. Blackberry Bear worked fast in those days because he felt that winter was coming.

At last he started in search of a fine black bear like his grandfather. As he traveled about calling upon all the bear families, he grew to love the old home forest more and more. The inhabitants were all friendly and there was plenty of everything that made life joyful. As Blackberry traveled, he told his name and his errand, but in vain he searched for a bear who was tall and strong and noble like his grandfather. Everywhere the neighbors told him that no such bear could be found; they told him, too, that he resembled his grandfather.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### HOW BLACKBERRY BEAR WAS SURPRISED.

"I had better go home," said Blackberry Bear, "and wait until spring before I search farther." This he decided was the best thing to do when winter came with snow flurries that sent him hopping and skipping to his cave for shelter. He was not discouraged because his mother had never asked him to do what was impossible; he was sure he would find the big black bear like his grandfather

By the time he reached the tall pine he had chosen for a signal tower near his cave, Blackberry was ready for his winter nap. His coat was heavy and he was much too plump for comfort. Even so, although he had to stop now and then for breath, he was so happy he sang joyously as ever:

"Oh, here I came to seek my fortune!

Merrily, merrily seek my fortune!

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**Look away! Look away!**

**Look away to the old home forest!"**

Blackberry Bear suddenly stopped singing, though, when he saw in the snow the tracks of two bears leading directly to his cave. He measured the tracks with his foot; he was glad to discover that he was bigger than the two bears because his footprints were nearly twice as large. He could make them get out! By leaps and bounds he hastened to his doorway. He was so indignant he could scarcely think for a minute when he saw two big bears sitting in front of a fire they had built in the fireplace in the back of the cave. They were eating nut-bread and honey. When he could speak, Blackberry shouted in a terrible voice.

**"WHO IS LIVING IN MY CAVE?"**

Up jumped the two bears and ran to meet him; one was his father, the other was his mother.

**"Why, Blackberry Bear, how you have grown!"**  
exclaimed his mother.

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"Son bear, allow me to congratulate you!" added his father. They both had to reach up to kiss Blackberry Bear.

As for Blackberry Bear, at first he was too surprised for words. Then he said, "How did you get here?"

"We started the next day after you did!" answered his mother. "We had long talked of returning to the old home forest to live, and we were near you all the way; sometimes behind, sometimes ahead of you. You kept us camping a long time in some places."

"Why didn't you say you were coming?" demanded Blackberry Bear. "It would have been much pleasanter and easier to have had company."

"Let your father answer that," suggested his mother, "and please turn around slowly so I can see how your big new coat fits! I think it is handsome!"

Blackberry turned around slowly while listening to his father's answer.

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"Blackberry," said the father, "we saw that you were sure to become a big, big bear. We knew that you would be taller than your mother and taller than your father, as you are! We didn't wish you to grow up and be a big baby! We let you travel alone that you might make your own way and so develop character! You have done it! The reason we know that you have grown strong and noble and persevering is because we have watched you all through the journey, ready to help if you needed help; and we know that you have befriended the weak, and how, in the old home forest you have conquered every difficulty and made your home in your grandfather's cave."

"But I have not done all," objected Blackberry, "because I promised to find a bear like my grandfather and I have not yet done so!"

At that, Blackberry's father and mother buttoned their big fur coats tighter and smiled happily.

"Come, Blackberry," said his mother, "and we



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will introduce you to a bear exactly like your grandfather, only, he is a full grown young bear and has many useful years to live before he will be as old as your grandfather."

Much wondering, Blackberry followed his father and mother to the top of the hill where there was a little lake. The ice covering the wee lake reflected the sky. Wind had blown away the snow, leaving the frozen lake like a perfect mirror with a frame of low evergreens.

"Look in!" advised his mother.

Blackberry Bear looked in the mirror and there he saw a reflection of himself. He was no longer the slender young bear who set out to make his fortune in the spring. Blackberry had become a huge, full-grown black bear, fine looking and noble, like his grandfather.

"You are the bear who shall live in your grandfather's cave," his mother told him, "because you are like your grandfather in words, looks and deeds, and thus you have come into your fortune."

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Straightway Blackberry Bear, who was as full of fun and mischief as ever, offered one arm to his mother and one arm to his father and made them run with him back to the cave, where they talked about their great happiness until midnight.

"Please promise me that you will stay with me in grandfather's cave until dandelion time," begged Blackberry Bear when he was so sleepy he could scarcely hold his head up.

"Of course, we shall," announced his mother. "There is plenty of room here and enough beds. And anyway, our own old home cave is only around the corner. Now cuddle down and go to sleep!"

Blackberry's mother then tucked him in bed, and kissed him good-night, for the winter. Sleepy as he was, when all three were in bed, Blackberry Bear softly sang:

"Look away! Look away!

Look away to the old home forest!"

He sang like that until he and his father and his

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mother were all sound asleep. Then came the drifting snow, blowing—blowing—blowing, so,

**“Look away! Look away!**

**Look away to the old home forest!”**

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## **THE CATECHISM OF BLACKBERRY BEAR.**

**Question—“What is thy duty towards thy neighbour?”**

**Answer—“My duty towards my neighbour is to love him as myself, and to do to all men as I would they should do unto me: To love, honour, and succour my father and mother: To honour and obey the civil authority; To submit myself to all my governors, teachers, spiritual pastors and masters; To order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters; To hurt nobody by word or deed; To be true and just in all my dealings; To bear no malice nor hatred in my heart: To keep my hands from picking and stealing, and my tongue from evil speaking, lying and slandering: To keep my**

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**body in temperance, soberness and chastity; Not to covet nor desire other men's goods; But to learn and labour truly to get mine own living, and to do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me."**

**THE END**





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